

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XII.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1904.

No. 10

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second-class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, 272 CONGRESS ST., BOSTON.

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"CONSIDER THE LILIES."

We grow white lily-bells
To greet glad Easter Day;
The bulb to blossom swells
On stem with green array:
So fair and fine the flower,
So simple in its worth,
It tells the happy hour
When Jesus walked the earth.

He saw bright lilies shine
In meadows far and wide,
Adorned with grace divine,
Surpassing pomp and pride;
He saw the Father bless
Their beauty sweet and true,
And said in tenderness,
"Much more God cares for you."

Wherefore the lilies preach
This sermon year by year;
With hearts of love they teach
Our hearts to banish fear:
We are within his bower
Who keeps field-flower and bird
Encircled by Love-Power,
And strengthened by his word.

Whene'er we sense such truth,
'Tis sunlight in our souls,—
Eternal gift of youth,
Where heaven the life controls:
A peace profound and pure
Bends like a sky above;
Of summer we are sure,—
We know the lily's love.

We see the throes of time
Unfold a hidden spell;
Man's steady growth sublime
Declares that all is well:
Forsaking barren ground
And weakness worn so long,
The fragrant flowers are found,
The joy of angel-song.

Our Providence on high
Will purer petals show;
He draws us to the sky,
Just as the lilies grow:
Fast fades the darkness drear,
All things for light make room;
God's spring is surely here,—
His lilies all shall bloom.

—*William Brunton.*

THE RESURRECTION: WHAT DO WE MEAN BY MIRACLE?

The resurrection of Christ is always rightly described as a miracle. But what is a miracle? Let us not deceive ourselves with words. Facts infinitely more wonderful are within human knowledge than any miracle recorded in the New Testament. Millions of phenomena in the material universe which we call natural are much more mysterious and awe-inspiring than any which we characterize as supernatural. We use the two words for purposes of definition. But what do we know of the distinction between natural and supernatural? There is no other force in nature but God; and hence (as a modern writer puts it) the difference between an ordinary event and a miracle is one of degree, not of kind. Seeing that nothing can happen without the power of God, it follows that all events, whether we call them

natural or supernatural, have the element of divineness in them; their origination and essence are the same; and any distinction we may make between them can only be verbal, not real. This being so, the question arises: Wherein does the interest attaching to the gospel miracles chiefly lie? It inheres mainly in the fact that they were abnormal in human experience, not that they were mightier or more majestic works of God than those with which we are familiarized from the beginning to the end of our earthly lives. The blessed alternation of day and night, light and darkness; the beneficent succession of the seasons; the fact that all life normally is joy; the never-failing provision of sustenance for man and every living creature that shares with him the tenancy of the globe; the capacity given to him of ineffable delights in the pursuit and attainment of knowledge; the happiness which he derives from the exercise of his domestic affections; his being endowed with the capacity for love; his ceaseless pleasures from the senses; and numberless other conditions of mundane existence,—are perpetual manifestations of the goodness of God, which must certainly impress our hearts much more deeply, if we give heed to their teaching, than any one of the miraculous deeds taken singly, or even all of them, which were wrought by divine power through the instrumentality of Christ. The true value of these miraculous deeds lies in their spiritual significance. They tell us no more of divine immanence and activity than was known before. But, being exceptional manifestations of this immanence and activity, they have specially arrested human attention; and this was the purpose they were designed to serve. A Christian preacher once spoke of them as the tolling of the great bell of the universe, calling upon men to pay heed to the sermon which was to follow. Regarded merely as physical marvels, they have comparatively little importance. Their preciousness lies in the love, grace, and mercy which shine through them; in the convincing evidence they present to us that the Creator is not in bondage to his own laws; in the testimony they give of his deep interest in man; in their demonstration of the supremacy of volition in the realm of causation; and in the authority they give to the teachings of Jesus.

The briefest and truest definition of a miracle, using the word in its New Testament sense, is that it is God acting upon

nature through human instrumentality. Says a Unitarian writer: "It is no wonder that God should restore sight or hearing or strength or life to any human being; it is no wonder that God should still the raging tempest or should increase a few loaves and fishes till they were enough for the multitude. . . . But the most wonderful act of divine power, if unaccompanied by any human instrumentality, is not a miracle. . . . This is the essence of a miracle, that a man should be able to know the exact moment when this uncommon act of divine power will be exerted." The fact that Jesus had this knowledge established the claim he made for himself that he was the Sent of God, a specially inspired and specially accredited divine messenger. We may be reminded here that the resurrection of Jesus was a miracle wrought *upon* him, and not *by* him. Apparently this was so. But two striking circumstances are recorded which plainly indicate that there was some close and intimate communication between him and the heavenly Father with respect to it. He had knowledge which enabled him to predict that it would come to pass, and the prediction was fulfilled. Then, again, we have that remarkable utterance of his: "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father." If he knew, long before it happened, that the miracle would be wrought, and if he could say confidently that God would give him power to take again the life which he would willingly lay down, we cannot help regarding him as undoubtedly having some more or less direct association with the divine agency in the great event, though we may not be able to understand what that association was. It seems reasonable, indeed, to assume, from what happened on the Mount of Transfiguration, and from what we know of the sayings and doings of Jesus between his resurrection and ascension, that he had such knowledge of the relatedness of things visible and invisible, of matter and spirit, of death and life, as was never given to any other human being whilst existing upon earth.

His rising from the tomb was the fit termination of the appearance in this world of one who had come to give men assurance

of the direct connection of things seen and temporal with things unseen and eternal. By his reappearance after death, visible demonstration was given that the life of his spirit had not come to an end with the life of his body. As he ascended from earth into the nearer presence of the Father, so shall we. His triumph over the grave may not be a pattern of our own triumph, but it is certainly a pledge of it. His appearances to his disciples showed that in his resurrected state he had assumed the "spiritual body"; furthermore, that the spiritual body is endowed with a power of control over matter which does not belong to our fleshly bodies, and likewise that there inheres in it a faculty of making itself visible or invisible. What the spiritual body is, or when or how we obtain possession of it, we cannot tell. For aught we know, it may be existent within us now, waiting the emancipation which it will realize when we "shuffle off this mortal coil." The death hour of the fleshly body may be the birth hour of the spiritual body. All this can only be matter of speculation. But, meanwhile, every Christian believer feels that the resurrection of Jesus was a fitting climax of the career upon this planet of one who had played a part in connection with the moral history of the human race with which nothing that has ever transpired before or since can be compared, in respect of its ceaselessly cumulative potency and far-reaching influence.—*The Christian Life.*

THE STILL HOUR.

The Lord is risen indeed:
He is here for your love, for your need,—
Not in the grave nor the sky,
But here where men live and die;
And true the word that was said,
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

—R. W. Gilder.

FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE.

There is no phrase that spans so well the distance from Good Friday to Easter Sunday as the apostolic words, "From death unto life." It is a soul-sufficing thought, as Whittier puts it, "that death is but a covered way that leads us into light." So in the dark valley and shadow of death we travel on in hope, thinking less of where we are and what we are than where and what we soon shall be; and thus we are led to feel within ourselves a peace above all earthly

blessedness, a still and quiet trust in God and immortality. To-day we memorialize the death of Christ, but on the morn we rejoice in his renewed life: he was dead, and is alive forevermore. A few weeks ago the whole beauty of the landscape seemed dead and buried. We note to-day the new life of spring. The flowers appear on the earth, and the time of singing birds is come. We have our seasons of depression, our fears as well as our hopes. These are parts of the discipline of life. Nevertheless, we are sure that God reigns, and that

The ills we see,
The mysteries of sorrow deep and long,
The dark enigmas of permitted wrong,
Have all one key:
This strange sad world is but our Father's
school:
All chance and change his love shall grandly
overrule.

What though to-day
Thou canst not trace the hidden reason
For his strange dealings through the trial
season?

Trust and obey:
In after life and light all shall be plain and
clear.

Our Master knew all this, and so he bowed his head, and said, Thy will, not mine, be done. We need the same trust in the dark days of our life,—that no ultimate harm can come to us; that the world in which we live, notwithstanding its crosses, is the best possible one for us, and is controlled by perfect wisdom and benignity, and that this will finally be seen and felt by every one of us; that nothing that God ordains can possibly be erroneous or a mistake; and that death itself should be regarded by us in the light of both necessity and kindness. We rest in this trust and in a love and wisdom that never changes, a power that knows no defeat and a goodness that never passes away. Darkness and death are the gateways to life and heaven. The death and resurrection of Jesus Christ assure the true disciple now, as in the first age, that all live unto God. In view of our destiny, as told us by Christ, our nature is touched with greater spiritual power, with holier thought, and with the higher moods of life. It is needless to say that in this hope we better bear our crosses, and we perform our part with nobler will and manlier heart. We have ever before us a new life, with its ideals never fully realized here. In the Father's

house are many mansions,—gradations of life that stretch upward and onward and forever. This thought alone satisfies the instincts of our nature, as all must die, "passing through death to immortality."—*The Christian Life.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, a Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.]

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Miscellaneous.

"Natural History," J. G. Wood; "History of the Middle Ages," Hallam; "Classical Atlas"; "Donald Marcy"; "Mollie's Prince"; "The Romance of a Jesuit Mission"; "Centuries Apart"; "Penelope's Progress"; "Jack in the Bush"; "The Boy Soldiers of 1812"; "Asiatic Breezes"; "Size, only Seventeen"; "The Story of the Nations," Holland; "A Handful of Monographs"; "The Mill on the Floss"; "Romola"; "Travels with a Donkey"; "Treasure Island," Stevenson; *Science*, 1903; *Southern Workman*, 1903; *Mariner's Advocate*, 1903; *St. Nicholas*, 1899, 1901; *Youth's Companion*, 1901.

French.

Chardenal's "First French Course"; "Complete French Course"; "L'Année Préparatoire d'Étude des Mots"; "Première Année, Grammaire"; "Vocabulaire Française, Orthographique et Grammaticale"; "Exercices Français d'Année Préparatoire."

Will any mother who would like to have "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass?

The Marlboro Branch offers the following books. Address Miss Della M. Frye, 207 Pleasant Street, Marlboro, Mass.:—

"Robert Elsmere," Mrs. Ward; "Black Beauty"; "Cricket on the Hearth," Dickens; "Children of the Abbey"; "Pilgrim's Progress," Bunyan; "Daniel Deronda," George Eliot; "Orley Farm," Anthony Trollope; "Looking Backward," Edward Bellamy; "That Affair Next Door," Anna K. Green; "Heart of Midlothian," "The Monastery," Scott; "Quo Vadis," Sienkiewicz; "Lorna Doone," Blackmore; "New Arabian Nights,"

Stevenson; "Thaddeus of Warsaw," Porter; "Dolly Dialogues," Anthony Hope; "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," Jules Verne; "Robinson Crusoe," Defoe; "A Dream of Fair Women," Tennyson; "Life of Byron," Nichol; "Life of Gibbon," Morison; "Poems," Adelaide Procter; Selections from Irving's "Sketch Book"; "Ruins of Ancient Cities"; music books and sheet music; children's books; "Grammars," by Greene, Metcalf, Strang, Meiklejohn, Swinton; "Civil Government," Martin; "United States History," Barnes; "How Plants Grow"; "Elements of Chemistry"; "Latin Reader," Harkness; "Hygiene"; "French Grammars"; "Arithmetics"; "Readers," Grades III. to V., Franklin.

The Elizabeth P. Channing Branch of the Alliance offers the following books. Address Miss Cora A. Tilden, Milton, Mass.

"The Student" (essays), Bulwer; "American Notes," Dickens (two copies, one being fine print); "A Modern Telemachus," C. M. Yonge; "Mr. Tangier's Vacations," E. E. Hale; "Adam Bede," "Middlemarch," George Eliot; "Redgauntlet," Scott; "Pelham," Bulwer; "Bride of Lammermoor," Scott; "Bleak House," Dickens; "Strange Adventures of a House Boat," Black; "Home Again," "The Elect Lady," MacDonald; odd numbers of the *National Geographic Magazine* and a photographic magazine.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I wish to thank the unknown friend who so kindly sends me the *Cheerful Letter*. (It is well named.) I am a widow with three little children, and would like reading matter. Would like the *Weekly Witness*. My oldest girl would like books of poetry, Longfellow's or any poems. She is ten years old. I live over three miles from church and post-office. Mrs. Charlotte E. Merrell, Mariner Harbor, New York.

2. I have written to members of the *Cheerful Letter* before, and received several good books, for which I am very grateful; and, as reading is very hard to get in my country home in the mountains of North Carolina, I want to ask some one to send me some. There are four books I have wanted to read for years, any of which I would be

so glad to get. Tony are "Prisoners of Hope," "Prisoner of Zenda," "The House Beautiful," "St. Elmo." But any reading would be acceptable, especially copies of magazines,—*Ladies' Home Journal*, *St. Nicholas*. Mrs. Elsie Rice, Highlands, North Carolina.

3. After several years I come again asking for something to read to pass away these long winter evenings. We are in a new country, trying to make us a home. We have no church or school near us. We hate so bad for our little girls to be out of school this year. I am teaching them at home the best I can. Will the kind friends please send something suitable for them to read? ages eight and ten. For myself and husband any books, magazines, or story papers will be thankfully received and passed on to others, as there are plenty here who, like ourselves, would enjoy something to read so much. May the Lord bless you in your noble work. (Mrs.) E. Meek, Goodwell, Beaver County, Oklahoma.

4. *Dear Friends*,—I have long been silent, but wish now to enter the list once more to sincerely thank you for your kindness to me. You have sent much sunshine and joy, as well as a chance to learn many things, during the past year, and by so doing have enabled me to carry on the good work, on a small scale, in this part of New England. Life on a farm in a small country town offers few advantages to a person wishing to advance. I diligently read and study all books and papers sent me. For the past year I have been teaching in the schools in my town, and we are trying to get some books of reference and some of the works by standard authors for a school library. Will some one kindly help me? I shall be very glad to receive any reading matter. Would like the "Virginian" and "Gordon Keith,"—something that will help me continue my education. Mrs. E. A. Clark, Levant, Maine.

5. I am an orphan girl eleven years old, and would be glad to receive reading for myself and two sisters and brother. Christine Dillon, Ridgeway, Henry County, Virginia.

6. It is some time since I have written to you, and I now write both to thank you for the reading matter sent me, which has been much enjoyed, and also to ask your

assistance in securing books for a library in my school. I would especially like to have "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Little Lame Prince," also a copy of either Webster's or Worcester's Academic Dictionary. Most of my pupils are under twelve years. Any books which you may send will be thankfully received. (Miss) Mamie Taylor, Trix, Lunenburg County, Virginia.

7. I am a member of the Cheerful Letter, and would be glad if some friend would send my little girls some school books,—Harrington's Spelling Book and First Reader. J. D. Holt, Norwood, North Carolina.

8. Mrs. James Worley, Bowie, Texas, will be glad of any reading.

9. Mrs. S. D. Lawrence, Olympia, Washington, asks for magazines.

10. Mrs. H. F. Harris, Myndus, Virginia, asks for books of travel or biography and an advanced music book.

11. Mrs. Maud Box, Guymon, Oklahoma, will be grateful for any reading.

12. Mrs. Minnie Knox, Forestburg, Texas, —a young mother,—will be thankful for any reading.

13. Mrs. Harriet C. Tate, Shark, Arkansas, asks for a manual of fancy work.

14. Miss Anise Beverly, Wadesboro, North Carolina, asks for the *Delineator* and *Youth's Companion*.

15. Reading suitable for a boy fourteen years of age will be welcomed by S. B. Stovall, Glade Spring, Virginia, R. F. D. No. 3.

16. Mrs. Nannie J. Turner, Dodson, Virginia, a farmer's wife with six children, living fifteen miles from a railroad, three miles from church and post-office, will be pleased and thankful to receive suitable reading.

17. Mrs. W. H. Griffin, Stella, Virginia, wishes to thank those who have sent her reading, and will appreciate any that may be sent her.

18. Mrs. P. C. Rogers and Mrs. M. Russell, Mannsville, Indian Territory, will be glad of any reading.

19. "English Orphans" is asked for by Mrs. E. L. Jones, Mannsville, Indian Territory.

20. I come after so long to thank each one who has so generously remembered me with reading and letters of cheer. My life is very lonely, and you have brightened many dull hours. I fail to find words in which to express my appreciation. I have passed on to others near me (who care for reading) a generous share of the reading sent me, and as it passes from home to home, carrying help and cheer, one is lost in admiration at the endless circles of influence. Long may your band live and prosper! I would be glad of a fashion plate once in a while. Good, bright reading is highly appreciated. With thanks, love, and good wishes for each, Ollie L. George, Cedar Hill, North Carolina.

21. I do hope you will not think me selfish if I ask for some good book for girls. I have been told that Martha Finley's and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's books are so good. I would be very thankful for any good book, as I expect you have so many requests. I would like to ask for the *Housewife or Ladies' World* or the *Modern Priscilla*, no matter how old, for my mamma, Mrs. E. H. Worden, Bentonsport, Iowa. She would very much appreciate good books, such as F. P. Roe's,—no matter how old,—that you could send. I promise that other families here will get to enjoy the reading, too. Ida Worden, Bentonsport, Iowa.

22. I ask for Miss Mary Morton, Bullock, North Carolina, reading matter and the sympathies of the good members of the Cheerful Letter Exchange. She is young and a shut-in, to me one of the saddest words when applied to a young girl. I can testify to the generous kindliness of the noble members of this club and their sympathy to me when a shut-in, and hope they will give to my young cousin a measure of the same kindness. May I here thank them again for all their goodness to me? My health was restored, and I felt well and strong, until a serious accident in November last, from which I fear I shall be "shut-in" again. I should be very glad to receive "The Kentucky Cardinal," "At the Mercy of Tiberius," and "The Speckled Bird" (Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson's last work, I think), or any other good novels or current numbers of *Century*, *Munsey*, or other magazines. When one is shut into "the house of pain," good books make sunlight for her. (Miss) B. J. Robards, Oxford, North Carolina, R. F. D. No. 2.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

PARENTAL SYMPATHY.

"Before Margery was three she gave me her first confidence. We had taken a drive that day with a strange and nervous horse. Edward was with us, but I was not very strong, and too plainly showed my fear. Margery sat between us, and slipped back while the horse was prancing. As soon as I could control myself, I pulled her out, and tried to occupy her attention with objects on the road. I had thought she might have been frightened, but, although she was unusually quiet, I saw no signs of fear. That night when she went to bed I said, 'Didn't we have a nice ride to-day?' And she replied: 'I didn't like it when the horse jumped. Mamma, I want to whisper something: *I cried in there in the dark.*' 'Did you, darling?' I said, comprehending that she referred to the time when she was behind us in the carriage. 'No, I didn't!' she exclaimed, already ashamed of giving utterance to her inmost sentiments. I refrained from further reference to the subject, but treasured this voluntary confidence."

"That 'No, I didn't!' was not the truth, Helen. Did you say anything to her about it?"

"Oh, no! In the first place, you must remember she was very little at the time. Then she had taken a big step in opening that secret chamber of her heart, and the important part for me just then was to keep her from regretting it. Much as I love truth, it didn't enter my head to give her a lesson on that subject then. I am sure, recalling it, that it was a time *not* to speak."

"In this same epoch she made her first unsolicited confession of wrong-doing, and I received it without showing the special interest I felt, being anxious not to startle my timid nestling. Cranberry time had been long past, when she said to me, 'Once, mamma, I saw some red things in a pan on the kitchen table, and I took some upstairs.' 'What for?' said I. 'To eat 'em. I thought you wouldn't let me have 'em.' It was the first glimpse of deception in my little girl, and would have saddened me, had I not been so pleased with the confidence indicated in the confession. I did not frighten her with reproof. I should have opportunities enough to direct her to the right. I simply asked, 'Did you eat them?' And she replied: 'No, I didn't like 'em. I threw 'em away.'"

"You know what good friends Emily Thorne and her mother are: they seem like devoted sisters. I asked Mrs. Thorne once how she had managed, and she talked on the subject with the greatest frankness. This is what she said: 'I always felt an interest in Emily's affairs, and showed it. Then I didn't put myself on an altar and ask Emily to worship me. I preferred that she should look on me as a companion. She used to tell me everything. One evening, when she was about twelve, on her return from a neighbor's, I went as usual to her room for a quiet chat. "Oh, mother," she said, "I've done something awfully silly. I know you will think it the silliest thing in the world." "What is it?" I asked. "I used to do silly things sometimes when I was younger." "Oh, I'm really ashamed to tell you: Charlie kissed me at the door, and I kissed him." "Well, Emily Thorne, that was silly and no mistake! But I shall have to tell you that I did just the same thing once, when I was a little girl. My mother told me not to do it again, and I don't want you to. Keep your kisses for papa and me."' Thus, with sympathy mingled with her bit of advice, Mrs. Thorne cherished the child's confidence, instead of discouraging her by a too prompt and decided disapproval.

"As children will do unwise things, how much better it is for their parents to know about them! We may expect our children to be tempted in just the ways we have been, and that they will have many of our follies and weaknesses. But, if they will only confide these to us, they can have the strength derived from our experiences to help them avoid evil. They must be sure of our love, and that in spite of any wrong-doing. Having gained their confidence, we must keep it. We must not betray their little secrets, even if they seem insignificant. We must be their best, their closest friends."—"As the Twig is bent," Susan Chenery.

NATURAL HISTORY.

OAK-BULLETS AND OAK-WOOL.

I have just been reading such interesting accounts of the various galls which can be found upon oak-trees even in winter that I am almost ready to desert my favorite wood-box and plunge into the snow-drifts to examine the twigs and dead leaves on all the oaks in the neighborhood.

I will copy for you some of these descrip-

tions, hoping that you will enjoy looking for specimens to illustrate them.

"Oak-bullets" are among the commonest and most frequently noticed galls of any of those upon our oaks. They are smooth and globular and about the size of a bullet, and grow either singly or in clusters upon twigs of the white oak. Galls similar in appearance have been found upon the post oak. An oval cell in the centre of each bullet contains the little worm, which sometimes passes the winter in this retreat. The substance of the gall outside of this little egg-like cell is of a hard, corky texture. In the summer these bullets are very pretty to look at, being of a pale green color, shading into bright red on the side most exposed to the light; but, when the leaves fade in autumn, they fade also to the same dull yellow hue.

The "wool-sower gall" is a roundish mass resembling wool, which occurs on white oak twigs. In June these woolly masses are of a pure white color, tinged or speckled with rose-red. In July the little gall-wasps emerge from this wool. They are of a shining black color, with yellow legs, and they immediately begin to lay the eggs for a second crop of galls. These are of a dull yellow color and a coarse texture, resembling sponge rather than wool, and they remain on the trees through the winter. Each contains in its interior a mass of hard grains, like seeds, in which are found the little grubs.

The "oak-wool gall" is very similar in appearance to the kind just described, but it occurs on the leaf of the oak instead of on a twig. It grows upon one of the principal veins on the under side of the leaf, but the insects which come from it are quite different in appearance from those which come from the wool-sower gall. If you try to rear them, however, you will be less likely to obtain the real gall-maker, as it is more subject to the attacks of parasites than is the former species. In winter the little seed-like bodies of the former species furnish food for many birds.

A gall closely resembling the wool-sower gall of the white oak is found in the spring upon the black oak. It also contains little seed-like kernels, but the gall-wasps which come from them lay their eggs in the young fruit of the previous year's setting, between the little acorn and its cup. At this spot is produced a small pip-like body, half-embedded and half exposed. This falls with the acorn to the ground, where it lies

all winter, and the next spring the gall-wasp which comes out lays its eggs upon the *twigs* of the tree, producing woolly galls.—
Cora H. Clarke.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

FACTORY CHILDREN.

(Continued.)

Sick, with aching backs and inflamed ankles from the constant stooping, with fingers lacerated from scraping the floors, parched and suffocated by the dust and flue, the little slaves toiled from morning till night. If they paused, the brutal overlooker, who was responsible for a certain amount of work being performed by each child under him, urged them on by kicks and blows.

When the dinner-time came, after six hours' labor, it was only to rest for forty minutes, and to partake of black bread and porridge, or, occasionally, some coarse Irish bacon.

In process of time more important employment was given to them, involving longer hours and harder work. Lost time had to be made up by overwork: they were required every other day to stop at the mill during the dinner-hour to clean the frames, and there was scarcely a moment of relaxation for them until Sunday came, when their one thought was to rest. Stage by stage they sank into the profoundest depths of wretchedness. In weariness they often fell upon the machinery, and almost every factory child was more or less injured. Through hunger, neglect, over-fatigue, and poisonous air, they died in terrible numbers, swept off by contagious fevers.

There was no redress of any kind. The isolation of the mills aided the cruelties practised in them. The children could not escape, as rewards were offered for their capture and were eagerly sought. They could not complain when the visiting magistrate came, for they were in abject fear of their taskmasters; and, moreover, on those days the house was swept and garnished for the anticipated visit, and appearances would have given the lie to complaints. If they perished in the machinery, it was a rare thing for a coroner's inquest to be held, and rarer still for it to issue anything but a com-

monplace verdict. And, when the time came that their indentures expired, after years of toil, averaging fourteen hours a day, with their bodies scarred with the wounds inflicted by the overlookers, with their minds dwarfed and vacant, with their constitutions, in many instances, hopelessly injured, in profound ignorance that there was even the semblance of law for their protection, these unfortunate apprentices, arrived at manhood, found that they had never been taught the trade they should have learned, and that they had no resource whatever but to enter again upon the hateful life from which they were legally freed. Should it happen that they had become crippled or diseased during their apprenticeship, their wages were fixed at the lowest possible sum; and their future was a long, lingering death.

It was not, however, till 1830 that the great and comprehensive movement with which, later on, Lord Ashley was to be pre-eminently identified, commenced. In that year Mr. John Wood, of Bradford, Mr. Richard Oastler, of Fixby Hall, Huddersfield, the Rev. G. S. Bull, Mr. Walker, Mr. Philip Grant, and others, grasped the wider and more beneficent idea of seeking the reduction of the hours of work, not for children in cotton factories only, but for children employed in the manufacture of textile fabrics throughout the kingdom.

Letters were written to the public journals, meetings were held, the enthusiasm of the workmen was kindled, and the opposition of the great body of mill-owners was aroused. Petitions to both Houses of Parliament were presented on both sides, and the whole of the manufacturing districts were kept in a state of increasing agitation.

One of the most ardent supporters of Sir John Hobhouse at this time was Mr. Michael Thomas Sadler, member of Parliament for Newark, and so conspicuous and untiring were his labors, so wide his sympathies, and so powerful his influence that he was, by common consent, chosen as the future leader of the movement in the House of Commons. Sir John Hobhouse had over and over again expressed his conviction that nothing could be more idle than to talk of the possibility of limiting the hours of daily labor to ten for five days and to eight on the Saturday, and he was surprised to find that any one who knew anything of the real state of the question could hold a view so extravagant.

It was while that committee was carrying on its Herculean labors, and Mr. Sadler was working night and day in the cause, that the country was agitated, as it had never been before, with the cry of Parliamentary reform; and in that year the first reform bill received the royal assent.

Newark, the borough represented by Mr. Sadler, was disfranchised. At the general election ensuing he offered himself for Leeds and afterward for Huddersfield, but, notwithstanding the support he received from the working classes in both places, he was rejected.

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

Boston, September 5, 1833.

My Dear Brother,—Our cousin, Henry McLellan, is no longer living: he died last night. He has been ill four weeks, and for more than two weeks has been so ill that the physicians expected his death daily. He has been constantly delirious, and at times raving. Yesterday afternoon the fever left him, and his reason was restored, but he sank away too rapidly to be able to make any use of it. He asked for all his brothers and sisters, and took their hands, but could not speak. His mother is quite ill, and Sarah has the same fever.

I saw Henry, the day before he died, for the first time during his illness. I had been watching with Sarah in the room above, and had heard his voice incessantly during the night, and at daylight I went into his room. His voice was then hoarse and very weak, and his face so changed, not a trace of his former expression, and his flesh shrunk away entirely. I felt sure that he could never be restored to health. It is fearful to see a strong young man brought so low and to see the incessant workings of the confined spirit, struggling to escape.

He has been an affectionate and generous brother always, and has gratified his parents in every way. Mary, Francis, Isaac, and James feel the loss very deeply.

Dear James, I have no time to write more. Never forget your own loving sister.

SEPTEMBER, 1833.

My Dear James,—Your box was put on board the ship "Atlantic," care of Morton Smith, New Orleans. You must look in the New Orleans papers, and you will see

when it arrives; and it will reach you in two or three weeks from that time. If not, it is insured, and you must demand the insurance, and I will buy them over again for you.

I send you the "Robert Hall" and Ware's "Hints." The latter, I am sure, must be useful to you. I have concluded not to trouble Mr. Bacon with more than one volume of the Rosenmüller, as I think it will take several weeks for you to study that. The others I send by Carter and Hendee. Mr. Bacon feared they would not arrive soon enough for you if they went by water, and heroically resolved to take them in his trunk. I shall reward his devotion by not giving him the whole of them.

Helen has invited E. and B. and me to pass to-morrow evening with her, to meet Margaret Fuller.

Sarah S. is engaged to a millionaire, if that means a rich man, a Manila merchant.

Mary Peabody desires her love to you, and says she likes Goethe much better than when you left us.

Aunt McLellan says you have written her a beautiful letter.

James, I think her religion supports her. It is a real feeling, I am sure. She dwells much on the remembrance of Henry, but does not yield to despondency. Isaac thinks of publishing Henry's journal, which is written in an animated and agreeable style, and is rather a journal of conversations with distinguished individuals than a record of stages and breakfasts, dinners and suppers.

I am sure your head must be turned by so many letters and so much news. Do not begin to read them till Monday morning, for they will disturb your sermons.

BOSTON, September 25, 1833.

My Dear James,—Your letter was long waited for; but it was worth waiting for, since it contained a warm and decided expression of affection for me. I have so long felt that Margaret, E., A., and sometimes even H., were not only more agreeable to you but really better society for you than myself, that I have become, as it were, contented with a third or fourth place in your affections, and it was with a feeling of surprise, as well as of strong pleasure, that I found myself nearer to you than some of them.

A change is coming over us. We are about to break up housekeeping. Mother

is going to Georgia to pass the winter with Aunt Campbell, and will take Elizabeth if her father consents to let her go. I shall take up my abode at Newton. Louisa will go and keep school. Mary Peabody* is going to Cuba, to be governess for a year, perhaps. She takes Sophia† with her for her health. Elizabeth (Peabody) stays in Boston and keeps a history school. I am going to do the Flaxmans on stone, as Sophia is too ill to do them. This and the education of Thomas will be my employment for the next year, I suppose.

William Eliot concludes that you had better have Rosenmüller, and, though five octavo volumes make a most unmannerly packet for a gentleman to take in his trunk, yet your parishioner, Mr. Bacon, has the goodness to undertake to convey them. I told him that it was too much, but that you needed them. "Then," said he, "if he wants them, he shall have them." I depend upon you for showing a proper degree of gratitude.

The box of books was shipped on the 4th of August. Mr. Hendee says you are unreasonable to expect it before the 4th of November. Three months is the usual time. For this reason Mr. Bacon would not send your Commentary with his goods, because he did not wish you to wait so long.

Mr. Emerson has not returned. He is in England, or rather has been there, and at the last accounts was on his way to Edinburgh. He is expected home in a week or fortnight. He was introduced to Miss Martineau in the vestry of Mr. Fox's church. She, too, is coming here shortly. If she does come, I hope I shall be invited to a "Martineau."

I saw Charles Emerson and Elizabeth Hoar the other evening. He asked after you with interest.

I have heard William Channing preach four times, and liked him very much. His sermons interest me deeply. He does not strike, generally. Chandler Robbins is liked better. Mr. Chapman tried to persuade William Channing to go to St. Louis for the winter, and he half decided to go, but suddenly he concluded that he ought not to go, if he were not perfectly willing to stay, in case he should find himself useful. He said he meant to write to you immediately to come back. I fear he hardly understood the principles upon which you went. Mr. Bacon says it will not do for us to think of

your coming back at all. I hope all your people have not that notion.

I went last Sunday to hear a funeral sermon upon Henry McLellan by Mr. W. His father and mother and all the family were there. The sermon was the most cruel thing I ever heard. The idea of it was this: that death was the consequence of sin; that it was meant for punishment, that it should be received as such; that all endeavor to soften the idea was crime; that it was meant to be terrible and that it was terrible; that there were some foolish people who attempted to make it a pleasant idea by visions of future happiness,—the hope of meeting friends, etc.; that they deceived their souls, and that it would be doubly terrible to them; that it was very wrong to try to console mourners,—they should be made to feel the full force of their calamity; and that, above all, the dying person should be duly impressed with the full horrors of his situation. After this he had the impertinence to conclude his sermon with the words, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" and this, after maintaining throughout that the knowledge of a future life should make us live holy lives here, but that it would be impiety to allow this knowledge to extract the sting from death and to rob the grave of its victory.

He spoke of Henry kindly, read extracts from his letters, but mentioned that, although a decided and sincere Christian, he was not the most ardent.

Have you seen Mr. Cheever's election sermon? It is a singular production. He says that Unitarianism is the cause of all the spiritless and vapid books that appear in this age. Its frothy literature is the expression of Unitarianism, forgetting that the great whirlpool of frothiness is under the droppings of that orthodox sanctuary, "The Established Church of England." He says that Dr. Channing is intensely superficial: his greatness consists in his widely extended superficiality. Harvard University, with the Doctor at the head of it, is going fast towards the gulf of perdition, and, led by him, it will soon plunge in, he, of course, still leading the way.

It is circumstances (difficulties) which show what men are,—*Epictetus*.

*Mrs. Horace Mann. †Mrs. Hawthorne.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

Rhyming Blanks.

The twenty-six missing words will rhyme with the first missing word.

"Would you like to go to the county —?" asked my cousin one day. I was glad of the — chance, and replied, "I don't — if I do." When I went up to my room to dress, I stumbled over the top —. If I were a man, I might — on such an occasion, but I can — the pain of a bumped head without bad language. There were other delays in store. I had the misfortune to — the dress I was going to —, and, though I could hardly — time to mend it, I did not — to go with a ragged dress; so I repaired it as well as I could in five minutes. Then I curled my —, and touched the hot iron to my — hand, so that I burned it. At length I finished my toilet, but could not find the — of gloves that I wanted. At this last misfortune my temper began to — up, and I searched the room with a savage — on my face. Finally I found them, to my surprise, just — they belonged. Then I grew more amiable, and was ready to start. Our old gray — took us along at a moderate trot, and I had good long breaths of fresh country —. "—," said my cousin as we reached the toll-bridge, "I have forgotten my purse and can't pay our — across." Fortunately I had money with me, and so we were allowed to proceed. Soon we entered the grounds. There we saw all sorts of people, and how they did — at the articles exhibited! There was fruit of all kinds, from a — to a watermelon, and fancy work, from lace to patchwork quilts. Soon we heard the — of a trumpet, and, looking up, saw a man approaching with a trained — and a trained —. After looking at everything and eating candy and peanuts, we went home, where we ate a — meal.—(St. Nicholas.)

Historical Numerical Enigma.

I am composed of 19 letters, and am the name of a famous Egyptian king.

My 8, 3, 6, 1, 14, 7, was a Roman general

My 13, 5, 4, 1, 9, 10, was a small town which was the seat of a famous oracle.

My 12, 5, 19, 3, 1, was a fabulist.

My 13, 10, 13, 3, was a celebrated queen of Carthage.

My 6, 14, 6, 8, 17, 10, 19, was an ancient Egyptian city.

My 8, 15, 12, 2, 3, was an Athenian philosopher.

My 2, 10, 2, 18, 19, was an emperor of the Romans.

My 4, 7, 13, 10, 12, was a country of Asia Minor.

My 6, 10, 19, 2, 15, 5, 2, 3, 14, was an object of superstitious veneration of the Druids.

My 18, 4, 7, 19, 5, 19, was a famous Greek hero.

My 12, 2, 2, 10, 4, 12, was a famous king of the Huns.

My 2, 9, 12, 4, 14, 19, was the most celebrated of the seven Grecian sages.

My 19, 7, 4, 15, 12, was a noted Roman tyrant.

(St. Nicholas.)

Answers to Puzzles in February Number.

I. *Initials.* William Cowper.

Cross-words.

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Waterloo. | 8. Cleopatra. |
| 2. Ireland. | 9. Ohio. |
| 3. Leonidas. | 10. Washington. |
| 4. Laurel wreath. | 11. Palatine. |
| 5. Israel. | 12. Emerson. |
| 6. Alsace. | 13. Rubens. |
| 7. Milton. | |

- II.
1. Barrel, valley, barley.
 2. November, faulty, novelty.
 3. Forego, clever, forever.
 4. Superb, simply, supply.
 5. Bronze, darken, broken.

III. *Primals.* Rogue Riderhood.

- | | |
|------------|-------------|
| 1. Roger. | 8. Drood. |
| 2. Oliver. | 9. Evans. |
| 3. Glubb. | 10. Roker. |
| 4. Uncle. | 11. Hexam. |
| 5. Emily. | 12. Orange. |
| 6. Rudge. | 13. Orlick. |
| 7. Isaac. | 14. Dumps. |

Self-denial is not peculiar to Christians. He who goes downward often puts forth as much force to kill a noble nature as another does to annihilate a sinful one.—H. B. Stowe.

Many talk of the truth, which never sounded the depth from whence it springeth, and therefore when they are led thereunto they are soon weary, as men drawn from those beaten paths wherewith they have been unused.—Hooker (*Eccles. Polity*).

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

TRAVELLING LIBRARIES.

The Travelling Libraries have now become an important part of Cheerful Letter work. In order that this department may be thoroughly organized and systematized, Miss Louise Brown, Box 91, South Framingham, Mass., has kindly consented to take it in charge. Will those interested in these libraries, and desiring information, kindly address Miss Brown as above?

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

He who acts unjustly, acts unjustly to himself, because he makes himself bad.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

REPORT FOR THE MARCH
CHEERFUL LETTER.

The fifth regular monthly meeting was held at 25 Beacon Street on Friday, February 5, at 10.30 A.M. In Miss Clarke's absence, Miss Langmaid occupied the chair.

Thirty-seven members were present.

The reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and approved.

Miss Brown reported that thirteen applications for libraries are waiting for a response.

Three were assigned to as many different committees last month.

At the meeting twenty committees reported.

The representative from Bedford read two interesting letters from correspondents, one, to whom a travelling library had been sent, which was enjoyed by ten families, comprising persons of all ages, in her neighborhood. Another interesting and helpful letter was read by the secretary of the Framingham Branch from a correspondent in the State of Washington.

The meeting adjourned at 11.50 A.M.

FRANCES B. FISHER,
Assistant Secretary.

The address of Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson is changed from Nottawa, Michigan, to Three Rivers, Michigan.

DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR.—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY.—Miss Frances B. Fisher, 491 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Requests for correspondents should be sent to Miss Fisher.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.—Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks should be made payable to Mary Louise Catlin.

Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Mrs. Catlin at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Mrs. Catlin, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.